

J.C. Bland, Jr.  
Room 8  
B. V. S.





# THE REGISTER

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# Latin School Register

VOLUME XXIII., No. 10

JUNE, 1904

ISSUED MONTHLY

## THE WANDERER\*

A wanderer through many climes had roamed,  
Till, one day, driven by the noontide heat,  
Beside a babbling brook that dashed and foamed,  
He turned his course and sought a greenwood  
seat.

The day was fair ; the western zephyr still  
But little stirred the verdure overhead ;  
While 'bove the tinkling music of the rill  
The birds sang joyous lays, by fancy led.

While sat he there in restful reverie,  
A sylphen voice, most mingling with the  
brook,  
And blending in the woodland melody,  
Fell on his ear, and hushed the list'ning  
nook.

"No chance hath led thy weary step this day,  
Thy lot is hard, no more thy aimless life  
Should drift along and waste itself away ;  
Thy days for thee should hold no more of  
strife.

"Come Mareda, come Sylvida, and thou,  
Sweet Collida, and tell each one your tale ;  
O'er every land his course hath held, but now  
With growing age his frame begins to fail.

"Good wanderer, one place should be thy  
choice ;

Of these three fostering nymphs, my fairy  
band,  
When each her lay hath sung with tender voice,  
Thou shalt choose one." She waved her  
tiny hand.

And straight began fair Mareda, "The sea,  
The broad and rolling ocean unrestrained,  
Its surging, white-capped billows dashing free,  
Its depth in which such wonders are con-  
tained

"As never can be seen on mount or plain,  
I sing. How sweet the salt breeze on thy  
brow,

As seated oft beside the roaring main,  
Thy inmost self to live thou dost allow.

"What joy in swift white-winged craft to skim  
Far o'er the sea ; what pure delight to dive  
In depth of dark cool water, and to swim  
Against the wave ; with wind and tide to  
strive.

"Ah ! what can so much move the heart of  
man,

As crimson sunset over marshes green  
Across the silent ocean ? What sight can  
In mountain, woodland, plain, or valley seen,

\* This poem was awarded the prize in the annual school competition.

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“ Surpass the startling splendor of the sea,  
When Phœbus lifts his orb above the wave?  
Pray, wanderer, come, give thyself to me;  
Thy presence in this peaceful realm I crave.”

Next Sylvida with eager voice, “ The cool,  
The quiet forest, peaceful and serene,  
The soft reflection in the placid pool,  
The music of the swaying branches green ; .

“ The great pure secrets of the woodland vast,  
Its grandeur and its majesty I sing.  
What pleasure on this earth can longer last,  
Than that of hearing through thy senses ring

“ The sighing, sighing of the summer wind,  
Through soft pine branches ; or can roses  
fine,  
Or Persian incense, pungent oils of Ind,  
Surpass the tender fragrance of the pine ?

“ What sight more dread, mysterious, or wild  
Than, stretching off in endless mile on mile,  
The mighty forest ; yet how calm, how mild  
It seemeth to its children all the while !

“ Thy weary head shall find eternal peace,  
And endless rest pursue thee thro’ thy days,  
If, moved by me, thy wanderings shall cease,  
And thou give ear unto my sylvan lays.”

She spoke, and Collida with melody,  
Next broke the stillness of the woody vale.  
“ I sing of life among the hills so free ;  
Of climbing giant crags to brave the gale ;

“ Of looking proudly from some giant peak,  
On broad expanse of sea, and earth, and  
sky,

While ecstasy forbids thy mouth to speak ;  
Where sounds alone the noble eagle’s cry.

“ What rugged beauty in a torrent swift,  
That rusheth o’er a cliff its waters clear,  
And dasheth high its foam. When thro’ a rift  
In fleeting cloud the full moon doth appear,

“ And draw in silhouette the massive range,  
What sight hath more of power, more of  
strength ?  
When sunset paints the world with colors  
strange,  
And Phœbus hath full drawn the shadows’  
length.

“ Can’st look unmoved upon the brilliant peaks  
While wood and sea are wrapped in humid  
night ?  
Come, wanderer ; he who such dwelling seeks,  
Shall live in peace and long retain his  
might.”

She ceased to speak ; the brook still babbled by ;  
The birds sang softly ’mid the whispering  
trees.

The wanderer was lost in thought, a sigh  
Escaped his lips and mingled with the breeze.

He loved them all. He tried to choose—in  
vain ;

The breeze blew fresh with hint of closing  
day ;

He sought the road to mountain, wood, and  
main,

And light of heart pursued his’customed way.

G. E.



## THE WATERS OF LETHE

---

IT was a cold, bitter night towards the middle of January. Snow had been falling during most of the day, and now the bleak, cutting wind whirled it hither and thither in driving clouds, which added still more to the general desire to set no foot out of doors that night, if in any way one might avoid so doing. Nevertheless, several members of the Time-Killers' Club had, their storm collars buttoned tight over their ears, and their hands thrust deep in their ulster pockets, run the gauntlet of the cold, and were now snugly ensconced before the big, open fireplace in the club's smoking room, their faces lighted up by the ruddy glow cast by the blazing logs.

As might have been expected on such a night, there had been a great demand for ghost stories, and the result had been a series of the weirdest possible narratives, each man trying to outdo his predecessor in the hair-raisingness of his yarn. Finally it became the turn of the hoary-haired Major Blackwood to tell his tale. He, whom we in jest had named "Father Nestor," was the oldest member of our club, and stories from him were all the more noticeable on account of their exceeding rarity.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "I haven't any real ghost stories on tap to-night, but I guess I can give you a pretty good substitute. At any rate, if you don't like it, you'll have only yourselves to blame for persuading me to talk. In the first place I shall have to follow the illustrious example of our boyhood's friend, the immortal Cicero, and say a few words about myself. As you may or may not know, I was born and passed my younger days in a little village in the northeastern part of Georgia, and it was at Atlanta that I went to college. While in my freshman year I met and formed a most intimate friendship with a fellow named Philip Dustan. He was a

Georgian also, and as he was about my own age, and as our inclinations ran about parallel, we took to each other from the first.

"Well, we chummed along each term through college, and, after leaving, we kept up our friendship, although we lived over fifty miles apart. You know, I suppose, that this was in the halcyon period of the ante-bellum days, when it was considered almost a disgrace for a southern gentleman to do any work besides looking after his own plantation, and as our fathers took that responsibility from our hands, we had precious little to do, save to enjoy ourselves, a task which we accomplished to perfection.

"Much to my delight, Phil had become engaged to my sister during our senior year at college, but for some reason which I did not then understand, even after we were graduated, he had repeatedly put off the date of the marriage. At last, however, about a year after graduation, Alice, my sister, told me that the wedding was to take place on one of the first days of July, and I thought that now all was settled. But one evening, a few days after this, Phil came galloping up to the door, and I hope that it may never again be my lot to see a face so deathly pale and blanched as was his when I met him.

"'Jack! Jack!' he muttered, his teeth chattering so that he could hardly speak, 'look at this.' He gave me a note, unsigned, and containing only these words: 'Often have I warned you, but you have chosen to disregard my warnings. Now may my curse be upon you. All shall you forget, yes, all, save my name alone. That shall you ever remember, even unto the end.'

"I would have laughed down the whole affair as being some practical joke, but the terror portrayed in every line of Phil's countenance

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told me that he, at least, attached some far deeper significance to it.

“‘Well,’ I queried, ‘when did you get this, and who is it from?’”

“‘Oh, Jack,’ he cried, hysterically, ‘I don’t know how it came. I found it this morning beside my plate at breakfast, but the servants all declare upon oath that they know nothing about it. Yet I’m positive that the person who sent it is hundreds of miles away from here. Who is she? I can’t tell you that now, Jack, not yet. But the fear of it all is almost killing me. I’ve ridden as hard as I could go, ever since morning, and now —’ He sank back limply into my arms, completely overcome by sheer terror.

“He stayed at our home for over a week, while Alice and I did all within our power to relieve his mind from the terrible dread that ever kept preying upon it, but despite our efforts, he seemed to waste away before our very eyes, until he became hardly more than a shadow of the Phil Dustan who had been one of the best all-around athletes at college. Nor was that all, for soon we noticed that he was afflicted by an ever-growing loss of memory, which my sister only treated lightly, but which gave me the greatest anxiety, for I remembered the wording of the note only too well. At length it was decided by all of us, for Phil’s parents had come also, that it was best for us two to travel abroad for a while. Accordingly I engaged staterooms upon a vessel sailing from Savannah to Liverpool, and for three long years we toured through England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, but all to no purpose, for Phil’s mental weakness kept growing worse and worse. At last in despair, and fearing lest any day he might forget even me, I procured a passage back to America, and no easy work either, for the great Civil War had broken out, and had now been waging for almost two years. But I was yet to find to what a frightful extent this curse — for I neither could then

nor can I now attribute any other cause to his affliction — had laid hold upon his mind. We went from Savannah straight to my home at Arcola, about eighty miles inland. All the way as we rode along, Phil had been regarding the countryside as if it were entirely new to him, and when we got in view of my home, one would have thought that he had never seen it before. The news of our arrival had preceded us, and as we were jogging up the long, winding driveway, Alice, mounted on her favorite mare, Queen Mab, came galloping down to meet us, her face all aglow with joy at seeing us again after our so long absence. As she drew near us she cried, ‘Oh, Phil! I’m so glad you’ve come.’ Then as, saying nothing, he stared at her, ‘Why, what’s the matter, Phil? Why don’t you speak to me?’ But poor Phil turned to me, and with a troubled glance said, ‘Who is this pretty young woman, and how does she know my name?’

“Well, there’s not much more to tell. That very night Phil disappeared, nor could any trace of him be found, though we searched and inquired everywhere. Apparently like a ghost he had gone away, silent and unseen, leaving no trace of his departure. The shock of it all nearly prostrated poor Alice, as it did Phil’s parents. As for me, I at once volunteered to serve the Confederacy, and obtained a lieutenant’s commission in a newly-recruited infantry regiment. I never heard or saw anything more of Phil but once, when, in ’64, Hood made that last heroic stand against Sherman, before Atlanta. It was July 22, a Friday, I believe. We had attacked the Union lines two days before, suffering heavily, and to-day we were to try again. How the plan of battle went as a whole I don’t know, but the task assigned our regiment was to dislodge a body of the enemy who were strongly entrenched at the top of a long, open slope, and a nice piece of work it was for troops almost wholly without artillery support. Anyhow,



the colonel gave the order to advance, and up the slope we went in the face of a raking fire. In books, you know, the men behind the breastworks always wait until their opponents are within close range before opening fire, thus leaving themselves chance for only one or two good volleys. The Yankees opposite us, however, were by no means so considerate, for they opened up as soon as we emerged from the woods at the foot of the slope, and maintained such a ceaseless fire that, when we were half way up, only about two-thirds of our men were left standing, and they seemed wholly averse to going any farther. They half halted, and seemed all ready to turn, when out from the ranks sprang a private, and, wresting the flag from the dismayed and hesitating color-sergeant, he bore it straight up the slope, to all appearances not caring in the least whether the rest of our men followed him or not. But just such a brave action had been needed to spur them on, and now, with a ringing cheer, they raced up the remaining distance, and after some sharp hand-to-hand fighting drove back the

Yanks, and captured the works. All this was told me afterwards, though, for in that shabbily-clad private I had recognized my old friend, and was following him when, to my horror, I saw him stumble, and, throwing up his arms, fall heavily forward, while another grasped the flag and bore it on to victory. I quickly reached his side and, as I was bending forward to see if he still lived, he slightly raised himself, and, opening his eyes, looked into my face, but with the vague, questioning stare that betokens utter lack of recognition. Then, with one low cry, he fell back again, dead."

"But what was his last word?" "Where did the note come from?" asked eager voices.

"The latter question I have never quite answered, though I have my own ideas about it. The last word that he uttered? That, though I can tell you, I must leave for you to decide." And the old gentleman leaned back in his chair, and meditatively blew a number of smoke rings towards the ceiling.

J. B. W., '05.

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## THE VENGEANCE OF THE GODS

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THE moist darkness of a summer night lay about an ill-built hut perched among the arid hills of Hellas. Without all was as desolate and lonely on that night so many hundreds of years ago as it is to-day, but there was something in the warm, cheerful light which shone from between the chinks of the hovel that seemed to indicate that there was at least human life and cheer within. The light was a fit augury, for the small fire blazing brightly on the hearth in the centre of the hut's one room lit up, with flashes of light and deep lines of shadow, a pretty group.

They were three; the father, of venerable bearing and high, noble brow; the mother, a womanly matron; and the son, in the flower of young manhood. They were happy with one another, and content with their lot, unenviable as it was, for the dancing flames brought forth from the dim obscurity with fitful flashes the bare walls and mattock and spade of a Spartan helot.

The old man was recalling tales of his youth; the others were listening silently, sympathically, and almost with reverence. Suddenly there was a loud rap. The sire rose and opened the door. Outside was nothing but the blackness, and he took a step

into the night. There were sounds of a scuffle, a stifled cry, and he was thrown back into the room, dead, an ugly wound in his breast. For a moment the youth did not move. Then he choked, "The Crypteia! The spies of Sparta!" and knelt beside his father.

It was a month later, and the city of Sparta lay bathed in the moonlight. Only an occasional belated passenger hurried through the silent streets, but two of these hurrying figures would have attracted the attention of anyone closely watching their actions. The first was evidently a Spartan of high birth returning from some late banquet, and in haste to gain his house. At a distance of some yards, he was followed by a silent, muffled figure, a form which lurked in the shadows, and halted now and then, but always, whether the leader moved fast or slow, kept the same distance behind. As the two crossed an open square flooded with moonlight, they were, for a moment, outlined as clearly as in day, and when the noble turned a little, he disclosed the features of the captain of the Crypteia, and the muffled figure dogging him was that of a helot youth. In another moment they were once more in the gloom.

The leader turned aside into a narrow by-street. The helot followed. He was rapidly closing the distance now, and in another moment there was a swift rush, a struggle, and the Spartan lord went crashing to the nearest wall with the helot at his throat.

The youth held the victory in his hand, and he paused a moment e'er he tightened his throat grip to the strangle hold. His face was held close to his foe's; his breath came hot on the other's cheek; his eyes burned like coals.

He took a quick breath, and began to speak, quietly but with tense fury.

"Captain of the Crypteia, I am sending you now to the fiercest torments of Tartarus. May your journey be pleasant, and may the Spartan prince——"

There was a sharp wrench, and the youth found himself on the ground with the Spartan noble upon him. There was a glare of hatred in the noble's eyes, but the youth stared back with a cold sneer.

"Captain of the Crypteia, you have conquered, and I join my father in Elysium,—but may the curses of all the Gods of Olympus be upon you and your house forever."

In the intenseness of their anger, neither had noticed a solemn rumbling in the bowels of the earth, but now there was a mighty upheaval, and with a crash, a nearby statue toppled and fell, bearing the noble to the ground with it, and pinning the helot youth beneath him. The youth raised himself with difficulty, and looked upon his enemy—dead from the blow. There was a smile of hate upon the helot's face, and he whispered hoarsely:—

"Captain of the Crypteia, fare thee well. The Gods avenge me! The Gods——" and he, too, fell back, dead.

The moon rose over the housetops, flooding the scene of ruin with its silver light, while crash after crash resounded through the city, mingled with the screams of women and the groans of stricken men. And all night long the oppressor and oppressed lay together under the cold moonlight.

R. T. P., '05.

## A M A P L E S Y R U P C A M P

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**A**LMOST everyone knows how delicious maple syrup and maple sugar are, yet how many stop to think just how this same syrup and sugar are made?

First of all, the maple trees are tapped, and large tin pails, usually two to each tree, are placed under the incisions to catch the sap. It is a novel sight to see four or five hundred trees with these tin pails hanging on them, running over with the fresh sap. The tapping of the trees ordinarily occurs between the first of March and the first of April. The length of the season for tapping depends largely on the weather. As there is generally snow in the woods during the season, a horsesled is used instead of a four-wheeler in collecting the sap. On the sled is a big cask, equal in capacity to three barrels. In and out among the trees the sled is driven, stopping wherever there is a clump of maple trees. The men, armed with tin pails, collect the sap from the pails hung on the trees, and pour it into the big cask on the sled. When the cask is filled the sled is driven back to the sugar house. The sap is now poured into a long trough, which connects with a tank inside the house. The sap is first strained as it enters the large tank, and again when it leaves the tank.

The rest of the work is confined to the house. A pipe connecting with a cask about eight or ten feet below the tank next conveys the sap into a great vat, called an evaporator. This device for boiling the sap is fourteen feet long, four feet wide, and three feet high. It is supported on a brick foundation lined with sand,

and underneath is the furnace, where an intensely hot fire of logs is kept constantly burning. So hot must the evaporator be that the fire has to be replenished every few minutes. The vat is divided into nineteen compartments. The sap is strained for a third time as it enters the evaporator. On account of the different compartments the sap runs slowly through the vat, and gradually becomes thicker and thicker, heated by the fire underneath. As the sap, now fast becoming syrup, leaves the last compartment, it is strained for the fourth and last time, and flows slowly into a large can at the side of the evaporator. The liquid is then poured into a big iron kettle, placed over a hot brick oven and allowed to boil for about an hour. The sap has now become the fine maple syrup so highly prized, and, if it is allowed to boil fifteen or twenty minutes longer, the result is maple sugar. All that now remains to be done is to get the sugar and the syrup ready for exportation, and send it off to the cities to be sold.

The making of maple sugar requires great skill and patience. The man who operates the evaporator must be constantly on the alert, keeping up a hot fire, skimming the foam from the liquid as it boils in the vat, and seeing that the syrup does not boil too long in the kettle. He thus has all he can well attend to. Yet, if the sugar season be a good one, the farmer feels well repaid for the time spent at his sap camp.

H. W. F., '04.

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Amidst the glow of pink and white, —  
A flaming arrow—darts  
The oriole, his fiery breast  
Held to the blushing hearts  
Of apple-bloom.

R. T. P., '05.

## THE PROSPECTIVE FRESHMAN

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**I**T has been my experience, and that of every Freshman, I think, that a fellow has to learn many things about college for himself. Your sophomore friends may try to tell you something of college life, but you must see for yourself in order to understand. College and college life are what you make them. Your studies may seem at first all-important; then when you begin to see things in their true proportion, they will appear as the homely foundation and corner stone of the rest of college life. The difference in college men is in the time that they take to find the true balance. When once this is discovered, there is no danger that a fellow will become a studious nonentity—on whom even the blaze of brilliant scholarship casts but faint light—or an out and out “sport.”

When the Freshman realizes that the secret of Harvard is fellowship, then, indeed, he has opened to himself a field of unexplored happiness. Then he feels that the thousand and one opportunities given him to distinguish himself mean more than class numerals, or club shingles. They mean friends, many of them mere acquaintances, a few of them—which makes it worth while—life-long. The range of subjects of study, is wide enough to employ every man's own peculiar genius—only he must go half-way, and when once in, must “stick it out.” For it is in these struggles for distinction that others see a fellow as he really is, and form their judgment of him accordingly, and here, too, he must judge others by the same standard.

Aside from this, however, a Freshman can receive some advice, which he will proceed utterly to disregard. If a fellow is lucky enough

to come to college with his future vocation fixed, he will find it easy to choose his courses with regard to preparation for his profession. If he comes undetermined, he ought at least to decide on some fixed course of study, and not wander around in a hopeless confusion of unrelated subjects. Especially ought he to disabuse his mind of the “cinch course” idea. Nothing so scatters the fruits of a man's labor as reckless pursuit and election of so-called “cinch courses,” for often the “cinch” turns out far different, and is always productive of dissatisfaction and neglect of work.

A Freshman in October feels like a cod in fresh water—out of his element. It is hard for him to realize that he has to start at the foot of the ladder, that honors in school beget no honors in college, that there is a great difference in the importance of a school senior and a college freshman. When at last he feels more at home, he must look out for the reaction. Strict attendance the first half year is often followed by too numerous cuts, later on; and there is great difference between starting with “B” and descending to “C,” and starting with “C” and ending with “B.” A good deal depends on first impressions.

When at last the Freshman grasps some of the Harvard spirit, and realizes that his Sophomore friends from the same school always have the latch out for him after “Bloody Monday,” when he sees that he gets but himself—that is, only what he puts in—from his college life, then he lays open to his reach the full happiness of true, manly, Harvard life.

E. E. H., '03.



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# Latin School Register II

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## PRIZE DECLAMATION

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THE annual prize declamation was held in the hall, Friday, June 4. The gathering was honored by the presence of Mayor Patrick A. Collins and eleven former pupils of this school who are now noted men in the community. The eleven post-graduate judges were John Collins Warren, Charles M. Green, William R. Richards, Willis Boyd Allen, Thomas Russell, Edward Robinson, George U. Crocker, Charles I. Quirk, James A. McDonald, Jr., David Abram Ellis, and Samuel T. Frost.

The prizes were awarded as follows :

### I.

*For Excellence in Classics* : — Isaiah Leo Sharfman, Edwin Woodbridge Darling, Edson Bernard Smith, Francis Jeremiah Connell, Leon Nathan Alberts, Edward Victor Hickey, Henry Thomas Schnittkind, Ernest Rudolph Wendemuth, Jr., Joseph William Finkel, Max Levine, Samuel Isaac Shore, Joseph Anthony Cummings, John Regan, Jr., Fabyan Packard, Herbert Winslow Smith, Michael Robert Ahern, Frederick Burns.

### II.

*For excellence in Modern Studies* : — Joseph Horatio Hutchinson, Allan Gray Tenney, Roswell Thornton Pearl, John Bloodgood Worcester, Harold Thomas Johnson, Edward Prescott Illingworth, Horace Clark Nowlin, Emilio Goggio, Albert Morton Bierstadt, Roger Bartlett Hill, Francis Solomon Wyner, Joshua Berlin Clark, John Gilman Rand, James Frederick Tobin, William Stanislaus Lenihan, William Baldwin Nash, Robert Saunders Dowst.

### III.

*For excellence in declamation* : — First prize, Isaiah Leo Sharfman ; second prizes, William Hulbert Barrow, Frederic A. Wilmot ; third prizes, Edward Prescott Illingworth, William Vincent Ellis ; special prizes, Edward V. Hickey, Saul Sharfman.

### IV.

*For excellence in Reading* : — First prize, Dexter Perkins ; second prizes, Edward Prescott Illingworth, Edwin Thomas Witherby ; third prizes, Leo Francis Fitzpatrick, John Hector Gair.

### V.

*For Exemplary Conduct and Punctuality* : — Henry Thomas Schnittkind, Francis Solomon Wyner, Francis Jeremiah Connell, Samuel Isaac Shore, Joseph William Finkel, Cornelius Anthony Guiney, William Baldwin Nash, Norton Baldwin, Max Levine, Basil Neal Plumer, Michael Robert Ahearn, Leon Nathan Alberts.

### VI.

*For Exemplary Conduct and Fidelity* : — Edward Michael Savage, Samuel Mitchell Alter, Leonard Allison Doggett, Francis William Manning, John Timothy Reardon, John Carroll Poland, Jr., Causter Brown, 3d., Robert Leslie Crawford, Carlyle Emery, John Humphrey Keyes, Robert William Gray Jr., De Witt Talmage MacKinnon, Allen Thorpe Wheeler, John Quinn, Herbert Melvin Harris, Andrew Doherty Guthrie.

### VII.

*For an English Poem* : — Guy Emerson.

*For a translation from Latin into English* : — William Hulbert Barrow.

### VIII.

*Gardner Prize for an English Essay*, "The Birds of Boston," Guy Emerson.

### IX.

*Derby Prize for an Original Latin Essay*, "The Life of Atticus," Joseph Bradford Coolidge.

### X.

*Additional special mention.*

*For a perfect record of attendance* : — Joseph Horatio Hutchinson.





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All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.  
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JUNE, 1904

WITH this number the twenty-third volume of the REGISTER is brought to a close. The present board of editors will now give place to a new, and it remains for us to wish the future editors and business manager a most successful year, and to ask of our readers to give them their most loyal support.

It is only fair to the two associate editors of this year to say that their work was so faithful and consistently good that the position of Editor-in-chief was filled only after the greatest deliberation.

The REGISTER has been a source of great pleasure to us during the past year, and we have but one regret ; however, it is our earnest desire to impress that very forcibly on the mind of every fellow in the school. The REGISTER is anxious for contributions from the pupils of every class. It is not a very difficult matter to get something into the paper, and a position on the staff is a thing of value and profit, as well as one which carries with it many happy hours, and links a fellow inseparably with the school. Every fellow should write for the REGISTER during the summer ; and next year bring his work to one of the editors and get ac-

quainted with him. If your contribution is refused, bring another the next day, and you will find that success is certain. We can safely say that we are more grateful to no influence than that which turned our attention toward the advantages of being connected with the REGISTER.

The REGISTER staff for 1904-1905 is as follows :

- Editor-in-Chief : Roswell Thornton Pearl.
- Business Manager : Milbrey Stickney Green.
- Associates : Lloyd Carleton Corbett, Edmund Randolph Brown, John Bloodgood Worcester.
- Assistant Editors : William Angus Corley, Frederick Algernon Wilmot.

We were interested in receiving the following letter a short time ago, because it sets forth, in some degree, the opposite side of a question on which we have said a few words in each number of the present volume of the REGISTER, and because it affords us an excellent opportunity of summarizing these remarks, and emphasizing them by additional arguments.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REGISTER : —

I have read with the greatest interest your articles on out-door life, which have appeared,

from time to time, in the REGISTER. Now, Mr. Editor, the woods are as charming to me, perhaps, as they are to you, but birds are not all that I find of interest there. How small a part in nature do birds play compared with flowers and trees ! I wonder how many of the gaping bird-hunters can tell one gentian from another, or a white oak from a post oak ? We do not have to wait for the rocks to migrate ; we have them always with us. May not one get enjoyment by simply walking through our beautiful parks and woods, without tearing like a maniac after a gabbling robin to see if he has more feathers than are commonly allotted to such ornithological prodigies ? Is it as important that we learn to tell the rarest warblers as to have a general knowledge of out-door life ? Surely we ought not to over-develop one side of our natures,—I, for one, protest.

I am, my dear sir,

E. T. W.

In the first place it is only fair that we call attention to the fact that we have always advocated this same *general* study of nature. If our correspondent will review with us these articles to which he refers, he will see that in four of the nine numbers no mention was made of birds, but nature in a general sense was praised, and strong encouragement given to stay-at-homes to venture forth into those charming woods ; that in the remaining five numbers the study of birds was combined with a general appreciation of those beauties to which he refers.

However, we think, although our correspondent has evidently mistaken our design in writing the articles, a few words are due to the branch of nature study of which he speaks so slightly.

No one can deny that the pursuit of the various branches of out-door nature offers the most enjoyable, pure, and instructive recreation possible to be obtained. The study of birds is of all these the easiest to begin, and when it

has once been entered upon with a fullness of interest it is rarely forsaken.

Birds have a peculiar interest to us through their connection with literature. The earliest tribes are said to have followed the woodpeckers in choosing places of settlement ; the Greeks and Romans governed many a serious action by the laws derived from the flights of birds. From the earliest times even up to the present day there has been some particular and varied bird of ill omen to associate with dire events, and there has always been a sweet songster in the perfect garden of the poet or poetic prose-writer. Many are the poems which treat directly of particular birds.

But in the modern pursuit of bird study there is a peculiar attraction which is hard to explain, though there are many definite advantages which may be fully set forth. Indeed, how can the actions of the ornithologist be justified if not by the setting forth of distinct advantages to be derived from “tearing like a maniac after a gabbling robin ?”

The general advantages of bird study are three : First, it is instructive ; second, it is interesting ; third, it is healthful.

Its particular advantages are : First, it sharpens the powers of observation ; second, it quickens the hearing ; third, it is inexpensive ; fourth, it is humane ; fifth, it can be pursued by anyone ; sixth, it can be carried on in almost any place ; seventh, it can be begun and carried on at any time of life or of the year.

It is instructive in that its pursuit teaches us not only about birds, but also about the whole great realm of nature ; the vast and original outdoors which is becoming more and more popular as people return more and more, as is the modern tendency, to a natural way of living. That it is interesting is proved by the fact that an ever increasing number of people of all ages have taken it up, and followed it year after year with no other inducement offered than the merits of the subject itself. That it is healthful is

shown by the fact that its pursuit leads out-doors, into the open air and sunshine, the winds, and into cold, crisp airs of winter, and the balmy days of summer ; that old men have been made young again in the study, and young men have been awakened from the indifferent paths of haphazard endeavor to an interest in others, in the best things in nature and in the world of men, and led to *think*.

The searching-out of birds afield sharpens the powers of observation to a greater degree than is often realized. One who has studied birds out-doors for some time can see things which a person who has not would never see. For instance, when a person sees a bird a dozen feet in length, combining in its wonderful plumage all the varied colors of the rainbow, having the bill of one family and the feet of another, indeed his powers of observation have become remarkable. But in serious fact the watching of the small birds, many of which are so protectively colored as to be very difficult of observation, and the species which differ from one another by the smallest distinctions, does make one's perception quicker.

The various calls which are so much alike, and yet which have just a little difference, as human voices differ, may be distinguished after practice in the field, but not before. Some have good ears for bird calls and songs ; but we have seen many who had slow ears develop quick and accurate hearing of bird notes.

It is as inexpensive as one may choose to make it ; it is not necessary to spend a cent in the study of birds, but as the interest increases, books are desired and car-fares are expended in reaching particularly favorable places.

Bird study is humane in the result of its teaching. It does not require the killing of birds or the robbing of nests ; those things do not enter our subject of bird study. The tendency of that is to do away with cruelty and inhumanity in those very lines, as well as in the protection of the "plume birds."

In the last three of the advantages we have cited, it is sufficient to say that no one is debarred from this pursuit ; one's back yard ; the public streets ; mountain-top and mid-ocean ; the desert and the prairie, all hold their bird-life ; and some of the best ornithologists have begun the study only after turning fifty. The articles in previous numbers of the REGISTER have told of the presence of birds at all seasons.

But all these are the intensely practical advantages which the modern progressive mind seems to demand. There are, however, subtler beauties in this study. In birdland we have as charming a scene as one could care to look upon. We have, first, the ruler, a bird who, from superior skill, sagacity, and strength was born to rule ; but his subjects are freer than the subjects of human rulers ; in short, the institution of chivalry still exists among our friends of the air. Then there is the aristocrat, who is not a ruler, perhaps, but who has a little pride of bearing, and scorns the base degrees by which his ancestors rose ; there is the husbandman who is ever busy, ploughing through his work with a will, and ever singing at his task. Indeed, we find the proverbial rich bird, poor bird, beggar bird, and even the thief ; but the thief has such good qualities, combined with his dishonesty, that his really short-lived faults are easily excusable ; and the beggar bird is never so poor as actually to beg. The daily life breathes forth a lesson of cheerful industry with the carpenters, the architects, the masons, and the weavers, who begin work at dawn and work till sunset ; nor do they belong to any Union. The miners, the tailors, the minstrels, and the actors are all working together, displaying to man their brilliant plumage, or brightening the wood with their song ; they have their tragedies, their comedies, and their farces, and all the time they are working to the one end—to clear the shrubs and trees of noxious insects, and to destroy the seeds of injurious plants.

"How small a part in nature do birds' play



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compared with flowers and trees?" asks our correspondent. How small a part would the trees and flowers play to the thorough student of nature without the birds? "I wonder how many gaping bird-hunters can tell one gentian from another, or a white oak from a post oak?" he asks. We wonder, in turn, after answering his question by saying that the majority can, how many botanists and students of the trees can tell one warbler from another by name, or in short, correctly name two score of our common native birds? "We do not have to wait for the rocks to migrate," he remarks. Indeed, one large part of the charm of bird study is the constant variation. We do not see the same bird perching in the same spot each day until it becomes moss-covered; but new birds greet us each day in our favorite haunt; new species appear from month to month, and the pleasure is not confined to bird-students of eagerly looking for the first bluebird of spring to welcome his cheerful song. He asks if we may not get enjoyment by merely walking through our beautiful parks without tearing after a robin for useless purposes. We certainly may; but how much more pleasure when walking through those same parks to be able to recognize a score of familiar voices, and perhaps to penetrate some thicket and look upon some bird entirely new to our experience, something new under our particular sun.

It is not, however, our intention to empha-

size this branch of nature, but merely to raise it to a standard of equality with the others. It is the broad idea of out-door interest which we advocate, and which we urge each one to try during this coming summer and all the years of his life. It is the day out-doors, tramping over wild country, in the sunshine, or at any rate in the free open air, which makes a new life for one; it is the returning at night with a good appetite, and a clear head and preparation for a sound night's sleep, which is the great end in view, with the consequent increased mental vigor; and how much better if one has a definite, live interest which is continuously calling him into this sunshine and freedom of the open air!



In closing our connection with the REGISTER we wish to thank all those who have offered a word of encouragement where it was very sincerely appreciated, and those who have helped us with timely hints. To the Head-Master we desire thus publicly to convey our sincere thanks for many concessions and favors, and especially to the master, who, despite a great amount of other work, has so carefully overlooked the REGISTER and helped us by innumerable invaluable suggestions. We hope that our readers will have a most happy, healthful, and profitable vacation.

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We regret to learn of the death of Charles Thomas Rooney of the Fifth Class. The REGISTER sympathizes with the parents and friends of this good and faithful pupil.

He had been absent from school but a short time with the mumps when he contracted a more serious disease which necessitated an operation from which he failed to recover.



T H E S A N C T U M

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THE hush of a drowsy May afternoon rested over the Sanctum. Far down the wilds of Warren avenue a hurdy-gurdy was playing *Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey*, while from nearer at hand there floated in through the open windows the beautiful and classic strains of *In the Good Old Summer Time*, played on a time-worn accordion. The E. I. C. and the B. M. were tilted back in their chairs, luxuriously loafing. The Goat was moving restlessly around the room.

The B. M. listened to the sweetly blended strains throbbing on the heated air and said with a sigh, "That's the advantage of living in Boston. One gets opportunities to listen to so many musical treats. Yes, Boston is the city of music and art;" (and he pointed to the E. I. C.'s attempts, which covered the surrounding blackboards).

There was silence a moment, and then he resumed, "Really, I don't know how I can bear to leave the old town; and what will the school do without us?"

The E. I. C. wiped away a tear. "It's too bad," he said. "It almost seems as if we ought to stay to keep the place from going to the dogs. And then what will the Goat do?"

"Yes, Goat, I really pity you," mused the B. M.

"Why's that?" questioned the Goat.

"Well, Bill," began the E. I. C., "in the first place, next year's staff will taboo tomato cans and manuscript as bad for the digestion, and will substitute lunch-room sandwiches and soup."

The Goat's jaw dropped sorrowfully, and he slunk into a corner.

"Will they really do that, do you think?" he whispered.

"Yes, but you mustn't blame them too much, Goat," said the B. M. "You see,

those fellows don't realize that there's a limit even to a Goat's stomach."

There was silence in the room again. The Goat wandered around in search of something to comfort his wounded feelings. The sound of spading and raking came up through the windows from the farm in front of the school. The Goat ceased his wanderings and began to chew something thoughtfully in one corner of the room.

"I say, Bill, what are you up to now?" queried the B. M.

"Oh! I'm only eating the E. I. C.'s uniform," replied the Goat in a subdued voice.

"That's all right, then," the B. M. hastened to assure him, but even as the B. M. spoke, the E. I. C. began to hurl the desk-furnishings. The Goat got up with an injured air and sauntered out of the room. He stopped a moment at the door and turning, said, "And so I'll have to eat lunch-room produce next year?"

He didn't wait to hear the E. I. C.'s reply, but went clattering down the corridor.

A moment later the peaceful quiet of the afternoon was broken by a sudden uproar and tumult of confused cries arising from Warren avenue. The E. I. C. and B. M. rushed hatless into the street in time to see the Goat make a mad dash at one of his prospective proprietors, a member of the coming staff. The aspiring editor went sailing through space to land on the opposite curb, while the Goat turned and fled up the street, pursued by a fast-gathering crowd of yelling urchins.

"Bill has fled," murmured the B. M. sadly.

The member of the coming staff looked up in a bewildered sort of way, shook himself tenderly, and remarked:

"I don't believe I'd take the trouble to send after him."

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The E. I. C. said nothing.

When the fleeing speck of gray had disappeared far up the street, the E. I. C. and B.

M. returned silently to the Sanctum. Darkness found the silence unbroken.

R. T. P., '05.

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## THE EAGLE OF SEBAGO

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Blue the waters of Sebago,  
Broad the waters of the great lake ;  
Densely wooded were its borders,  
Grown with spruce and pine and hemlock  
Down to where the crystal water  
Dashed up into foaming breakers  
On the narrow, rock-strewn beaches ;  
Where the small waves lapped more gently  
O'er the bleached and broken tree-trunks  
Which the treacherous sand-bank, caving,  
Left to die upon the wild shore.  
In the distance rose the mountains  
Keeping back the north and west winds  
Till with sudden gust they swept down  
Making white the quiet waters  
With the dashing foam and white-caps.

In the centre of the great lake  
Were two islands ; one Mustaquá,  
Farther down, Pamequis, larger,  
But with fewer giant pine trees,  
Fewer sheltered landing-places,  
Fewer birds, and fewer berries.  
In Mustaquá's wooded silence  
Lived a tribe of peaceful redmen,  
Skilled beyond all tribes in fishing  
For the pickerel, perch, and salmon  
Which abounded in Sebago.  
Pride of the Mustaquan forests  
Was the daughter of the good chief ;  
Swift and graceful as a young deer,  
Dark her skin ; her black eyes tender  
Yet so quick and so unerring.

In their wigwams on Pamequis  
Lived another tribe of redmen  
Skilled beyond all tribes in hunting ;

Masters of a secret method  
Handed down from their forefathers  
For the use of bow and arrow.  
Loved by all Pamequan women,  
By Pamequan men admired,  
Young and handsome was the chief's son.

For a hundred years deep hatred  
Had estranged these little islands ;  
Never yet in open warfare  
But in daily disagreements  
Had their jealousy been spoken.  
One day in the cool of Autumn  
When the daughter of Mustaquá  
Had not yet been taught the hatred  
Of the tribes of green Pamequis  
She was fishing on the calm lake.  
As she pulled, with clever motion,  
Into her canoe held steady,  
From the lake a leaping salmon,  
Like a bolt from out the heavens  
Dropped a Fish Hawk, seizing on it ;  
Even as he clutched the big fish  
Fell he dead, pierced with an arrow.  
Then with swift stroke from the island  
To the maiden all astounded  
Came the proud son of Pamequis.  
Then these two, both Nature's children,  
Pledged eternal love and friendship.

But their fathers, when they learned it,  
Wrathful, ordered that the lovers  
Never more should see each other ;  
Still more bitter grew the hatred  
Of Mustaquá and Pamequis.  
Yet one thing they had in common :  
Both adored the great Bald Eagle,

Worshipped him before their hunting,  
Worshipped him before their fishing ;  
Both believed the true Great Spirit  
Lived in this majestic Eagle  
Both would follow every mandate  
Which they thought that he had given.

Often on a summer evening  
They would watch with admiration  
How the Fish Hawk caught his supper ;  
Hovering above the water,  
Suddenly he plunges downward,  
Splash ! and rising swiftly upward  
Holds a fish in steel-like talons.  
All at once from out the heavens  
Comes a cry of pride and warning ;  
Swiftly at the frightened Fish Hawk  
Darts the Eagle unrelenting.  
For a moment undecided  
Darts the Fish Hawk quickly sideways  
But a sharp claw from behind him  
Makes him drop his prey in all haste ;  
Darting downward in a twinkling  
Ere the fish can reach the water  
Proudly does the Eagle seize it,  
And with massive grace uprising,  
Wing his strong way toward the cloudland.  
On the shore the awe-struck redmen  
Bow their heads in honest worship  
Of this work of the Creator.

One fine evening late in August,  
When the Hermit Thrush was singing,  
When the Whippoorwill was mourning  
Of his duty to the wild wood,  
Round the camp-fire of Mustaqu  
Were the warriors all collected.  
Silently they smoked and whittled,  
Thoughtfully gazed at the embers,  
When with whirring and with snapping  
Came an arrow down among them  
Clothed in challenge to grim warfare  
From the island of Pamequis.  
Holding speedy consultation

Soon they chose a brave to parley  
With the warriors of Pamequis.  
Rich Mustaqu's hardy chieftain  
Chose to meet in single combat  
With the leader of Pamequis  
To decide with little bloodshed  
Who should rule the two fair islands ;  
And, as neither one would venture  
On the island of the other,  
'Twas decided that the struggle  
Should be fought between the islands  
In his own canoe each warrior.

Dawned the day set for the struggle ;  
Forth Mustaqu from his wigwam  
Clothed in garments gaudy beaded,  
On his head the Fish Hawk's feathers,  
( Little knew he who had killed it ! )  
With his tomahawk all polished,  
With a long knife in his snake belt,  
In his light canoe departed,  
Having praised the mighty Eagle  
Sought his powerful protection  
For the people of Mustaqu.  
Just half way between the islands  
Waiting grimly for his foe  
Was the warrior of Pamequis,  
Decked in his ancestral trappings.

Closer drew these giant redmen ;  
Each one with the eye of wild-cat  
Watched the movements of the other ;  
Back of each a wooded island  
With no sign of life upon it ;  
To the eastward o'er the tree-tops  
Rose the sun in golden splendor

Making sparkle all the waters  
Driving off the hanging mist shrouds,  
Reaching to the rugged mountains  
Standing grandly in the distance  
O'er the tree-tops of the mainland.  
Soon their birchen craft drew nearer,  
Chief Mustaqu raised his long knife,

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With his tomahawk Pamequis  
Aimed a blow to end the contest,  
When there came from out the heavens  
Loud, a cry of pride and warning  
Swiftly at the great Mustaqu  
With his Fish Hawk-feathered head-dress  
Came the Eagle, like the west wind.  
Seeing at the last his error  
Dashed he in between the fighters  
With a swishing of his great wings  
And was gone again to cloudland.

Humbly both the warriors watched him,  
Then without a thought or question,  
In compliance with the order  
Of the Eagle, the Great Spirit,  
That they cease the deadly contest  
Down they laid their unused weapons,  
Swiftly paddled each one shoreward,  
Paddled out again as quickly

Smoked the peace-pipe there in silence.  
That same day on low Mustaqu  
Was a simple woodland wedding  
While two tribes, no longer hostile,  
Laughed and sang with all rejoicing  
Till the sun had sought the mountains,  
And the full moon slowly risen  
O'er the peaceful wooded islands.

\* \* \*

Still the waters of Sebago  
Grown with pine and spruce and hemlock  
Down to where the crystal water  
Dashing high in foaming breakers  
Sparkles brightly in the sunlight.  
But the island of Pamequis  
And the land of proud Mustaqu  
Have no names of redmen's liking ;  
Changed they are by whiteman's naming.  
Through the pine trees of Mustaqu  
Shines the whiteman's shingled cottage ;

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From behind Pamequis daily  
Rises smoke from factory chimneys ;  
Steamers ply the broad lake's surface  
O'er the fishing grounds of redman.  
But some evening just at sunset  
Sometimes even in the noontide  
You may yet see proudly flying,  
High in air, the mighty Eagle.  
Still resents he the invasion  
Of the all-destroying whiteman ;

Still he owns the lofty spruces,  
Still he dwells in lofty pine-tops ;  
Still his humble slave, the Fish Hawk,  
Catches for his royal pleasure ;  
Still when come the sudden west winds  
Dashing all the lake to white foam  
May we see him proudly soaring,  
White his head and white his broad tail,  
O'er the waters of Sebago.

G. E.

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## R O W I N G

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THE B. L. S. CREW, 1904

THE rowing season is over for Latin School, and the crew has stopped training until next year. All through the spring the candidates have trained almost every day and have been very faithful. Their good work deserves the praise of the school.

On May 25, the preliminary heats of the school-boy races were rowed with the following results :

First heat won by Noble and Greenough ; second, Boston Latin ; third, M. A. H. S. ; fourth, Brookline High.

Second heat won by Cambridge Latin ; second, Roxbury High ; third, Volkmann ; fourth, Brown and Nichols.

Third heat won by De Meritte ; second, Waltham High ; third, English High.

Thus Latin School was in the semi-finals with Roxbury High and Waltham High. The race took place on May 26, and was won by Boston Latin. Her time, 5 minutes 29 1-5 seconds, was the best thus far made in the races, and her victory brought her into the finals with Noble and Greenough, Cambridge



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Latin, and De Meritte. The results were as follows :

Won by Noble and Greenough ; second, Cambridge Latin ; third, Boston Latin ; fourth, De Meritte.

We should be well satisfied with the work of the crew this year, and should try next year to break the "hoodoo" which has seemed to hang over the crew for the last few years.

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ENGLISH HIGH, 13

BOSTON LATIN, 10

On May 23, at the Columbus avenue grounds, we were defeated by E. H. S. English High scored all their runs in the first four innings, and after that B. L. S. steadied down. The features of the game were home-runs by Mahan, F. W. Johnson, and Lane.

BOSTON LATIN, 9

LAWRENCE HIGH, 8

On May 28, at Lawrence, the team defeated the local high school by a score of 9 to 8. The whole team played a very sharp game, Mahan's fielding being noticeable, and, as always, the strong and accurate throwing of Lane.

WAKEFIELD HIGH, 10

BOSTON LATIN, 4

On June 4, the team was defeated by Wakefield High, 10 to 4. Rogers pitched for Boston Latin, and his stop of a liner was a feature, as was also the batting of Mahan and Lane.

MALDEN HIGH, 7

BOSTON LATIN, 3

On Tuesday, June 7, Boston Latin lost a hard game to Malden High. Parker pitched a fine game, and the batting of McLaughlin was a feature. Lane made a remarkable throw from deep centre-field.

ROXBURY HIGH, 12

BOSTON LATIN, 9

On May 4, at Franklin Field, we were defeated by Roxbury High, who won the game in the fourth and fifth innings, when they scored eleven of their twelve runs. Latin School made a desperate try to win the game, and any kind of hit would have won in the ninth, when three runs had been scored, and three men were on bases. The features of the game were the hitting of Brackett, Stearns, and McLaughlin, and the fielding of Moran, Stearns, and Mahan. The score :

### ROXBURY HIGH

	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
Packard, p	. 5	3	2	3	0	4	1
Moran, 2b	. 5	2	0	0	6	2	0
Peard, 1b	. 5	2	1	1	4	0	0
Magee, 3b	. 3	1	1	1	1	0	1
Thorn, ss	. 5	1	1	1	0	0	1
Brackett, rf	. 4	1	3	3	0	0	0
Foley, lf	. 4	1	0	0	1	1	0
Connolly, cf	. 5	1	0	0	4	0	0
Stearns, c	. 4	0	3	3	11	4	0
Totals	. 40	12	11	12	27	11	3

### BOSTON LATIN

McLaughlin, rf	6	1	3	6	0	1	0
F. H. Johnson, 3b	3	1	0	0	5	3	2
Rogers, 2b	. 3	0	2	2	0	2	2
Mahan, ss	. 4	0	1	1	5	7	1
Ramsey, lf	. 4	1	0	0	4	1	0
Norton, c	. 4	0	2	2	5	1	0
Lane, cf	. 4	2	1	1	2	0	0
Estabrook, 1b	. 3	2	1	1	3	0	3
F. W. Johnson, p	4	2	2	2	0	0	0
Totals	. 35	9	12	15	24	15	8

Innings	. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Roxbury	. 0	0	0	7	4	1	0	0	12
Boston Latin	. 0	0	2	0	0	3	0	1	3-9

Earned runs : Boston Latin, 2. Two-base hit : Packard. Home run : McLaughlin. Left on base : Roxbury, 13, Boston Latin, 14. Stolen bases : Peard, Thorn, 2, Brackett, Foley, Rogers, Mahan, Norton, Estabrook. Struck out : by Packard, by Johnson, 2. Bases on balls : off Packard, 11, off Johnson, 6. Hit by pitched balls : Moran, Magee, F. H. Johnson, 2, Rogers, Estabrook. Passed balls : Norton, 3, Stearns, 3. Umpires : Ewing and Mahoney. Time : 2h. 5m.

NEWTON HIGH, 13

BOSTON LATIN, 1

Our hopes of winning the championship were dashed, when, on May 27, we were defeated by Newton High School. The features of the game for Newton were the pitching of Woodward, the base-unning of Leonard, and the hitting of Sullivan. The features for Boston Latin were the hitting of Rogers and Mahan, and a fine catch by Lane. The score :

NEWTON HIGH	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
Leonard, ss	. 3	4	1	2	4	4	0
Sullivan, cf	. 5	3	3	3	0	0	0
Stephenson, 1b	. 5	0	0	0	9	0	0
Cushing, lf	. 5	2	2	3	0	0	0
Thomas, 3b	. 4	1	0	0	1	1	0
Bacon, 2b	. 3	1	1	2	2	2	0
Hobart, rf	. 4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Schofield, c	. 4	1	2	2	13	2	0
Woodward, p	. 4	0	0	0	1	4	0
Totals	. 37	13	10	13	27	13	0

BOSTON LATIN							
McLaughlin, rf	. 4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Johnson, 3b	. 4	0	0	0	1	2	2
Rogers, 2b	. 4	1	2	4	0	6	1
Mahan, ss	. 4	0	2	2	3	2	1
Ramsey, lf	. 4	0	0	0	1	0	2
Norton, c	. 3	0	0	0	3	1	1
Parker, p	. 3	0	1	1	0	5	0
Lane, cf	. 3	0	1	1	1	0	0
Estabrook, 1b	. 3	0	0	0	15	0	1
Totals	. 32	1	7	9	24	16	9

Innings	. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton High	2	0	3	2	4	1	0	1	0-13
Boston Latin	. 0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0-1

Earned runs : Newton, 2, Boston Latin. Two-base hits : Leonard, Cushing, Bacon. Three-base hits : Rogers. Stolen bases : Leonard, 3, Sullivan, 3, Schofield, Mahan, Parker, Lane. Left on bases : Newton, 3, Boston Latin, 4. Struck out : by Woodward, 13, by Parker, 13. Bases on balls : off Parker, 3. Double play : Woodward to Stephenson. Umpire : Hallahan.

DORCHESTER HIGH, 24

BOSTON LATIN, 2

In a dull and one-sided contest, Dorchester High defeated B. L. S., 24 to 2, on April 23, at the Dunbar Avenue grounds. The only man on our team able to hit Brayley at all was F. H. Johnson. The best work was done by Sullivan, Brayley, and Fish for Dorchester, and by F. H. Johnson, Ramsey, and Norton for B. L. S. The score :

DORCHESTER HIGH	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
Ross, ss	. 4	2	1	1	0	4	0
Lewis, rf	. 6	4	1	1	1	0	0
Doolan, lf	. 6	0	1	2	1	0	0
Fish, c	. 7	2	2	2	10	2	0
Brayley, p	. 3	2	1	1	1	1	0
Sullivan, cf	. 6	5	4	4	0	0	0
Murphy, 2b	. 6	4	2	2	5	1	0
Clapp, 3b	. 4	3	2	4	0	0	1
Callanan, 1b	. 5	1	1	1	9	0	0
Clay, p	. 1	1	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	. 48	24	15	18	27	10	1

BOSTON LATIN							
Rogers, p	. 4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Mahan, ss	. 4	0	0	0	2	1	3
F. W. Johnson, 2b	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Edwards, 1b	. 4	0	0	0	5	0	1
Kelley, rf	. 3	0	0	0	1	0	1
Norton, c	. 3	1	0	0	8	3	1
Ramsey, lf	. 2	0	0	0	4	0	1
F. H. Johnson, 3b	4	1	4	5	2	2	2
Lane, cf	. 3	0	0	0	1	0	0
McLaughlin, rf	. 1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	. 33	2	4	5	24	7	10

# 24 Latin School Register

Earned runs : Dorchester, 3. Two-base hits : Doolan, F. H. Johnson. Three-base hit : Clapp. Left on base : Dorchester, 10. Boston Latin, 11. Stolen bases : Ross, Lewis, Doolan, 2, Fish, Brayley, 2. Sullivan, Clapp, 2, Rogers, Norton, F. H. Johnson, and Lane. Struck out : by Brayley, 9, by Clay, by Rogers, 6. Base on balls : off Brayley, 4, off Clay, 2, off Rogers, 8. Hit by pitched ball : Callanan, Brayley, Clay, Lewis. Passed balls : Fish, 4, Norton, 2. Wild pitch : Rogers. Umpire : Merrick. Time, 2h.

Innings .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dorchester .	0	4	1	1	4	4	2	8	-24
Boston Latin .	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0-2

BRIDGEWATER, 15

BOSTON LATIN, 4

On Saturday, April 30, the team was defeated by Bridgewater Normal School 15 to 4. The features of the game were the hitting of Fitzgerald and the fielding of Parker, Keefe, and Loughlin. The score :

BRIDGEWATER	BH	PO	A	E
Hooley, ss . . .	1	1	0	0
Gould, c . . .	2	8	1	0
McDonald, 1b . .	1	6	0	1
Keefe, 3b . . .	2	4	1	0
Miller, lf . . .	1	3	0	0
Waldron, p . . .	1	0	4	0
Handy, cf . . .	2	4	0	0
McDonald, 2b . .	2	0	2	0
Fitzgerald, rf . .	3	1	0	0
Totals . . .	15	27	8	1

BOSTON LATIN

Rogers, 2b . . .	2	1	2	1
Mahan, 3b . . .	2	0	1	3
Loughlin, ss . .	2	1	4	0
Johnson, rf . . .	0	1	0	0
Ramsey, lf . . .	1	0	0	0
Callahan, lf . .	1	9	0	3
Lane, cf . . .	1	1	0	0
Parker, p . . .	0	2	4	0
White, c . . .	0	9	0	2
Totals . . .	9	24	11	9

Innings .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bridgewater .	1	6	0	0	3	1	2	2	0-15
Boston Latin .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0-4

Runs made by : Hooley, Gould, McDonald, 2, Keefe, Waldron, 2, Handy, 2, McDonald, 4, Fitzgerald, Rogers, Mahan, Loughlin, Johnson. Two-base hits : McDonald, Keefe, Waldron, Fitzgerald, Loughlin, Callahan, Lane. Struck out : by Waldron, 9, by Parker, 6. Umpire : Kermager. Time : 2h.

MELROSE HIGH, 22

BOSTON LATIN, 1

On April 28, we were defeated in a one-sided game by Melrose High.

GROTON, 5

BOSTON LATIN, 3

On May 6, in a stubborn and well fought game, Boston Latin was defeated by Groton, 5 to 3. The features of the game were contributed by Ladd, Sturgis, Johnson, and Parker. The score :

GROTON SCHOOL	BH	PO	A	E
Watson, rf . . .	1	0	0	0
J. Auchenclos, p .	2	0	11	0
Ladd, c . . .	0	5	4	0
Sturgis, 2b . . .	2	5	1	1
Cutting, 1b . . .	0	11	0	2
G. Auchenclos, lf .	0	1	0	0
Hadden, ss . . .	1	3	0	1
Rose, cf . . .	1	2	1	0
Rogers, 3b . . .	1	0	0	1
Totals . . .	8	27	17	5

BOSTON LATIN

McLaughlin, rf . .	2	0	0	0
Johnson, 3b . . .	1	2	3	0
Rogers, 2b . . .	2	1	2	2
Mahan, ss . . .	1	6	3	0
Ramsey, lf . . .	2	1	0	0
Norton, c . . .	1	3	1	0
Lane, cf . . .	0	0	1	0
Estabrook, 1b . .	0	11	0	3
Parker, p . . .	2	0	4	0
Totals . . .	11	24	15	7

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# Latin School Register 25

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Innings .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Groton .	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	1	0	5
Boston Latin .	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	3

Runs made : by McLaughlin, Johnson, Lane, Watson, J. Auchenclos, Ladd, Rose, Hadden. Stolen bases : Ladd, McLaughlin, 2, Lane, Rogers, Mahan, J. Auchenclos. Base on balls : off J. Auchenclos, off Parker. Struck out : by J. Auchenclos, 5, by Parker. Double plays :

Sturgis to Cutting, Rogers to Estabrook, 2. Umpire : Hooley. Time : 1h 45m.

BOSTON LATIN, 21  
SALEM HIGH, 14

On April 18, we defeated Salem High, 21 to 14. The feature was the hard hitting of both teams, Mahan being the especial star.



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